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I've Become So Numb

by [Falco276](#)

Summary

What comes to mind when you think of Zeo Abyss? Member of Team Dungeon? The best friend to Toby and Masamune? Ex-member of Team Starbreaker? But what else? Do you truly know who Zeo is? Where he came from? No, because he tries to keep in secret. From everybody. But Zeo's past isn't pretty, not one bit. One-shot. Possible Trigger.

This work was inspired by [I've Become So Numb](#) by Mystic Sky

Okay, first of all, sorry if this is horrible. It's the first type of fic like this that I wrote. And my first fic from a guy's perspective. What-what! Ah-sorry! I'm just happy, I really like the way this turned out. Kinda... not really. I got a *little* distracted by this movie on TV. The beginning seems fine, but I think it turned out a little rushed. And this isn't really AU, but more of a before Zeo met Toby thing. And yes, Zeo's brother's name is Axel. I figured that A comes way before Z, and most people think that A is better than Z and that Axel is better than Zeo. And no, Axel has nothing to do with Kingdom Hearts. But I figured it only be natural for both kids to have an odd name instead of something like Zeo and Alex or something like that. And later it might seem a little weird, but that's because Zeo's starting to go a little... Er... Cu-cu! Cu-cu! And why Zeo, well, everyone loves Zeo! Well, not in this fic. But don't get me long, this isn't Zeo bashing. I love Zeo! But, his backstory wasn't well defined, so it was a blank canvas to work on!

And this is a song-fic to Numb by Linkin Park for Fallenbey's contest.

Disclaimer: I don't own Numb by Linkin Park, Fallenbey, Kingdom Hearts (all was mentioned up above) and Metal Fight Beyblade.

Warning: Possible Trigger.

It was a typical Monday morning in the middle of September, adults were at work and children were at school sitting through another boring lecture, just waiting for the day to be over. And like you would expect, while the teacher was talking everyone was only half paying attention. The girls were gossiping with each other, the boys were just being idiots, and a few others were just doing whatever they felt like. And of course, everyone was acting like they were paying attention when the teacher was looking. Everyone, except for a certain brunette boy, who was just staring out the window at passing-by traffic. Many would assume that he was thinking of new beyblade strategies, but that was not the case that day.

At one look, you would think that he was just an ordinary boy, nothing special. He had average grades, average appearance, average life, average everything! But that was just what one might guess from a single look. Zeo Andrews, was much more complicated than that. But one might not be able to tell by the dreamy look that covered his face, because he was lost deep in thought. So lost, he didn't hear the teacher when they called on him to answer a question, nor when they repeated it. He didn't hear them until they came up to the desk right in front of him and slammed their hand down on the desk with as much force as they could muster to get his attention.

"Mr. Andrews, *please* pay attention in my class! That's the fifth time this week, *maybe* a detention would help you concentrate more."

"But Mr. Manson-" Zeo tried to interject, not wanting to deal with them if they found out that he got a detention, *again*.

"Don't make me give you *two* detentions, now behave." Zeo sunk back in his chair as his fellow classmates snickered at him for getting in trouble. Zeo was the center of their jokes and their taunts, so it didn't surprise him any that they would laugh. It was just another typical day for him. And pretty soon, the day just flew by, Zeo didn't even realize it until the final bell rang, for him it just felt like mere seconds. So the day was over for all the students, except for Zeo, who was stuck in detention with Mr. Manson, the teacher that seemed bent out on making his life pure misery.

The desks of the classroom were all unoccupied, with the expectation of one in the front row, which held Zeo within it, who was just looking at his supervisor with a scowl on his face. Mr. Manson just looked at him blankly, but Zeo could sense that the feeling was mutual.

"Tell me, Zeo, why must you behave so ill-mannered?" Mr. Manson asked the boy, their eyes locked into each others with a look of disgust.

"If anyone's ill-mannered here, it must be you, *Fredrick*." Zeo retorted, spitting out his teachers first name.

"You shouldn't call your superiors by their first names. You 'ought to be more respectful, like your brother Axel was." Zeo scowled at the mention of his brother. His fists clenched and he glared at his teacher with pure hate.

"DON'T YOU DARE COMPARE ME TO MY BROTHER!" Zeo barked at him, who just looked at him with a disproving face.

"Yelling at a teacher! I'm sure you're parents will be thrilled to hear about this." Zeo's look of anger was quickly erased and replaced with a look of utter terror.

"You wouldn't." The man just looked at him with a blank expression as he picked up his phone and dialed a number.

"Mr. Andrews?" Mr. Manson listened to the phone for a moment then responded. "Yes, Zeo is being quite the trouble-maker... I will see you shortly then... Alright, goodbye." Zeo gulped, he would so get it later.

Zeo rode home with his dad in silence. Zeo didn't understand, why was he not yelling at him? All his father was doing was sitting there, driving. Imagine what he would do once he got home?

"Zeo?" His father said, interrupting Zeo from his thoughts. Zeo gulped, he was going to get it now.

"Yeah?"

"Why are you so disobedient? Why can't you just behave for once, like you're brother? He got all A's, he was very athletic, he was rather popular too. Not like you, with all you're messing around all the time playing around with you're stupid toy tops."

"If Axel was so great, then tell me why he's not here today?" At that comment, Mr. Andrews abruptly slammed the breaks on his car, jerking to a stop in the middle of the road.

"Get out." He demanded.

"But it's twenty miles until we're home! And it's snowing outside!" Zeo tried to convince his father to let him stay, but instead his father raised his fist and hit Zeo straight on the side of his face. Zeo quickly raised his hands to grab his throbbing cheek. He looked away from his father with tearful eyes. He was told that men didn't cry, and if he cried then he would be hurt more severely than before.

"I said get out you worthless brat!" His father hissed at him, Zeo looked at him one more time, knowing that fighting back would be useless. His father was stronger, faster, and more experienced than him, he would stand no chance in a fight. So, Zeo reluctantly grabbed the handle and got out, his vision slightly blurry from the blow to the face. He heard the doors lock on the car's door as it quickly drove away. Leaving Zeo standing in the middle of the city in the middle of the cold, dark, winter. With nothing but his jacket for warmth.

It's been six months since that incident in the car, and I really wish that I could say that things had gotten better for poor Zeo, but that would be a lie. Now, not only was he beat on by his classmates, but now his own flesh and blood. His father had become more violent, and his mother did nothing to stop him. And when it was just him and his mother together, she would lecture him.

Between all the abuse, physically and verbally. Zeo felt broken. Unwanted, useless. That was what he thought of himself. Nobody liked him. Nobody cared for him. Why? Why did he have to be so alone? Why couldn't anyone care? Why did no one end it for him? Why would God let this happen, what was wrong with the world?

Each day would pass a blur to Zeo. The sun would come up, then set after a matter of seconds. And the cycle continued, on and on, again and again. The day's started to blur together, Zeo couldn't tell when one started and one ended. Heck, he was starting to not being able to tell the difference between dream and reality.

"Zeo." His mother said at dinner one day. Zeo looked at her, half expecting another lecture.

"Where did we go wrong?" She asked him. Just a simple question. She wasn't anticipating an answer, and he wasn't planning on giving one. He knew that she was wondering why he wasn't as

perfect as his brother, and why he resented them so much.

As if you don't know why. Zeo thought bitterly at her.

To his parents, he would always be imperfect. Nothing he would do would be good enough to them. If he saved the world, they still wouldn't be proud of him. Not unless he was just like his brother, no, only if he was his brother. Then they would finally stop it. Stop hurting him. Stop making his life miserable.

But, he would never make them happy with being himself. He wouldn't make anyone happy. Nobody liked him. Worthless. Useless. Weak. Unwanted. Unneeded. That was all he was. And that was all that he would ever be. If their plan was to make him broken, it succeeded. He thought of himself as nothing but trash, useless space in the galaxy, just another fault.

He was getting so tired of it all. He just wanted it to end. It seemed that he was there an eternity as time just continued to fly around him, he never moved with it. It was like he was stuck in a never-ending pit of self-pity. Not feeling wanted. Not being wanted.

He knew that the world was a cold place. He truly knew it now. He didn't understand how some people could be so happy all the time. There was nothing to be happy about. The world was a cold, uncaring place. Nothing worth living for. Nothing to waste time in! What was the purpose of life if the only thing you were there for was to be miserable?!

"Where did we go wrong?" A year had passed since that day and the question still haunts Zeo's mind. Did his parents truly ever go wrong? Was it Zeo who was in the wrong? Was he the one who had caused him all their pain. Was he the source of their suffering?

Was he truly the victim, or was it them all along?! That was what was haunting Zeo's mind. Was what he had thought was the truth ended up being a lie the whole time? Had he lost his mind in the past? What was the cause? What was the reason? He was the source of their pain, wasn't he?! Why? Why was he so horrible!"

Zeo sat on his bed and pulled at his hair. Why? He needed to know, he wouldn't be able to rest until he did. He collapsed on his bed and rolled on his side, looking at a picture of him and his family on the nightstand beside him. He picked up the picture. He had never noticed how much he and his brother looked alike. They would have been mistaken for twins if it hadn't been for the age difference. Was that why his parents had wanted him to be like him so much?

Zeo tightened his grip the picture. Did they want him to be just like him. Just like a replacement?! Zeo looked at the mirror above his dresser. All he saw was a worthless being just staring back at him. Then, he looked at the photograph. It was taunting him. Zeo tightened his grip even more. He looked at the mirror, then back at the photo, then at the mirror. Until he finally couldn't take it anymore. He glared at the mirror photograph scowling before he finally had enough and pelted it at the mirror, the photograph and the mirror both shattering into shards. Dangerous, sharp shards.

To end it all. Zeo repeated one more time as he walked over and picked up a large piece of the broken mirror. That was what he had wanted. He moved his empty hand over to his wrist and pulled up his sleeve, so his forearm was visible. He looked at all the faint scars that covered it. Zeo placed the shard against the veins on his wrist. Was he sure he wanted to do this. After a moment, he decided that it would be the only option to escape the pain. Besides, no one would miss him if he was gone.

Zeo said his final goodbyes, and put pressure on the blade and slid it across his wrist. Blood came seeping out of his open wound. It hurt, but in a way it felt nice. For Zeo to finally be able to be put

to rest, to be like his brother.

Zeo closed his eyes, for what he thought would be the last time.

Everything was black. Zeo felt like he had just fallen into a giant abyss of blackness, with no escape. He thought he had killed himself, but he had no clue where he was. This couldn't be all there was, was there? Then, he heard a beep. And then another. And then another. What was going on?

"Come on, we can't lose him! Clear!" He heard a voice say off in the distance, but slowly it became louder, and louder, and louder. Until it sounded like it was just next to him. Suddenly, the black abyss around him dissolved, and light came. And suddenly, Zeo felt weak. He felt himself falling asleep. Next thing he knew, he was surrounded in darkness once again, but this time, it didn't feel quite as empty as before.

Zeo awoke a few hours later, with a doctor by his side checking his stats.

"Where am I?" Zeo asked, his voice groggy.

"New York City." Zeo's eyes widened.

"But that's hours away from where I live. My parents-"

"Have both been taken into custody and are currently under trial for child abuse and endangerment."

"But how did I get here?" Zeo asked, curious who would actually want to save him.

"Your mother saw you laying on the ground. Even though they might have hurt you, that didn't mean they would just let you die."

"So what do I do now?" Zeo asked the doctor.

"That's up to you to decide." A pager went off and the doctor looked at Zeo sadly. "I'm afraid I have another patient to look after. I'll leave you with a volunteer to look after you until someone else returns, okay?" Zeo nodded and the doctor left. A light brown haired boy, around Zeo's age, came in and smiled kindly at him.

"Hi, I'm Toby. What's your name?" He said kindly, and Zeo was frankly a little shocked that someone could show him kindness after all. Maybe there was hope in this cruel world after all.

"My name?" Zeo paused a moment, since his parents treated him so badly, he no longer classified himself as an Andrews. But what would his surname be? Zeo thought for a moment, then smiled, as an idea suddenly came to him. "My name's Zeo, Zeo Abyss. It's nice to meet you, Toby."

So how was it? Love it? Hate it? Should I do more fic's like this? Less? Should I delete this and pretend that this never happened. And yes, Zeo Abyss was originally Zeo Andrews.

What do you think of Zeo's family? Do you think Zeo was right and it was his fault or do you blame the parents or do you think Axel was the cause of all this?

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